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HAVE YOU GOT ANY "HAND"?

We increase our liberal offer to the Evening Sun as follows:

THE EVENING WORLD hereby agrees to pay \$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona fide circulation is not found to be every day in the week at least 35 per cent. larger than that of the Evening Sun—three prominent advertisers to be the judges.

Certainly our blinking little contemporary cannot complain. The percentage was first placed at 25 per cent. But the ten days passed without any acceptance.

Then it was offered to show that THE EVENING WORLD'S circulation was 30 per cent. greater than that of the Evening Sun.

Still it kept up its claim that "the circulation of the Evening Sun is larger than that of any other evening paper in the United States."

But the constitutional ten days' grace slipped by without any movement to accept THE EVENING WORLD'S challenge.

We'll give the Evening Sun ten more days on the 35 per cent. basis.

Then we'll stop wasting space on a sheet that has so much assurance and so little sand!

MR. DUFFY'S STAIRS.

Assemblyman DUFFY, of this city, has introduced a bill in the Assembly requiring the elevated road to erect more stairways at their stations, so that there may be "entrance" and "exit" stairs.

What, more stairways leading to the L. stations? That's rich. Why, the confusion that now arises by reason of the arrangement of the "downtown" and "uptown" sides of the streets where the stations are located is expediting enough, but with Mr. DUFFY's system of entrances and exits the insane asylums would be filled with people gone work and in their efforts to get to or away from the elevated road.

If there is any way whereby the law-makers at Albany can compel the Elevated road to spend more of their money in giving the patrons of that road better facilities for rapid transit and greater comfort while en route over the line, THE EVENING WORLD will heartily approve such measures. But, in the name of common sense and in the interest of a long-suffering people, don't make matters worse than they are.

MR. DUFFY, please get off those stairs!

THE CRIME OF POVERTY.

The story of the arrest of JAMES SILLARS in Connecticut for simply asking a cup of coffee where to get it, while he is prosecuted for his search for work is a terrible expose of the vigorous laws enforced against the unfortunate poor in the "Nutmeg" State.

Out of work, poor, with a family dependent upon him, this honest workman from New Jersey seeks work in Connecticut, and because he is, through poverty, compelled to solicit food, he is cruelly confined in a felon's cell and compelled to undergo punishment only deserved by hardened criminals. Escaping from his prison and returning to his loved ones in New Jersey, he is followed by the sleuth-hounds of Connecticut barbarity and torn from the arms of his wife and dragged back to serve the remainder of a thirty days' sentence.

What crime has he committed? None. Has not a poor man the privilege of seeking employment in Connecticut?

Rigorous anti-tramp laws may be necessary, but there should be more discretion and common sense in enforcing them.

Gov. GRANT, of New Jersey, of which State SILLARS is a citizen, should find some ground forthwith for demanding the release of this unfortunate Jerseyman.

THE GREAT REPUBLICAN!

These abnormally hungry patriots of Republican proclivities who expected an unlimited feed at the feast of good things to be spread by President HARRISON, are beginning to inquire anxiously if the bill of fare contains nothing but Soup.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

In the race for the Philadelphia Postmaster-ship there are several "favorites" among the politicians, but it looks as though the field will win—that is, John Field. The Postmaster-General proposes to send the other fellows to grass.

Secretary Blaine, upon assuming the portfolio of the State Department, found Cleveland's picture hanging above his desk, and replaced it with one of Daniel Webster. Webster was one of those great men who never could be President. His face is naturally more pleasing to Mr. Blaine than one who got there.

A rural legislator has introduced a bill in the Missouri Legislature prohibiting Sunday baseball playing. He was probably moved thereto by reading of the players' "stealing bases" and "making foul hits."

And now some capitalists are combining to gather in all the dried apples in the country. Well, when they get them all in we hope they will water the stock as capitalists generally do, in which event the dried-apple corner would swell up and burst.

Congressman Flower gave the Parnell Parliamentary Fund Committee a check for \$200 at the meeting of the Committee last night. In the eyes of the Committee that Flower is a daisy.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

A Double Gold Eagle for the Best Description of Her in 200 Words.

Nellie Bly Will Act as Judge in This Novel Contest.

In response to numerous requests, THE EVENING WORLD opens another interesting contest. It offers hereby a double gold eagle for the best description of the typical American girl, to be given in 200 words or less.

Nellie Bly has kindly consented to act as judge in this unique and original contest. All competitors may rest assured that their descriptions will have careful consideration.

The best of the contributions received will be published. The successful description, together with the name and address of the writer, will also be printed.

The first instalment will appear in a few days. The date of the closing of the contest will be only announced. All competitors should address "American Girl Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York."

STRAY MORSELS OF MIRTH.

Had His Compensations.

(From Park.)

Mr. Bridges (as the steam heater blows up)—You there, Caroline?
Mrs. Bridges—Yes, Eazy; isn't it awful?
Mr. Bridges—Not so very, Caroline. You know how we've been trying to get out of Brooklyn for years and years!

Improperly Situated.
"How do you like the way I've my mustache curled, Maude?" asked Harry.
"One thing I don't like about it," said Maude, eyeing it quizzically.
"What's that?"
"It's too far off."

Not Asked to Minn.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

At a little social gathering, after several persons have sung. Wiggins (who prides himself on his voice)—I wonder why they don't ask me to sing?

Simpson—You've sung here before, haven't you?

"Yes, once. Why?"
"Oh, nothing."

Quite Good Enough.

(From Judge.)

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown," said the haberdasher, "but this is a quarter necktie you have selected. You always wear a dollar one."

"That's right, old boy," he returned, with a wink. "My wife has just started making a crazy quilt."

A Simple Remedy.

(From the St. Louis Democrat.)

"Darling," she said, weeping, "when we were married, five years ago, I never expected to see you coming home at 1 o'clock in the morning!"

"Well, you wouldn't now, m' dear," he replied. "If you'd only go to sleep earlier."

A Lucky Man.

(From the Nebraska State Journal.)

"What a lucky chap Quimby was!"
"How so?"
"Why, fortune played into his hands all his life."

"Yes, but he died in his prime."

"That's where his luck still stayed with him. When he died fortune was selling at cost."

He Won the Bet.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)

Here is a story of a bet. A man, an old acquaintance whom Von Bulow wanted to drop met him after a long absence, saying: "How do you do? I bet, though, that you don't remember my name."

"I don't," he won, that bet," replied Von Bulow, and turned on his heel.

A Woman's Revenge.

"How could you help that Mr. Proudly dress for the opera when you hate her so?" asked Maude.

"Because," replied Bessie. "I wanted to get a chance to put a pin in her dress so that it would be sticking in her back all the evening."

WORLDLINGS.

There are said to be only three of the War Governors now living—Blair, of Michigan; Curtin, of Pennsylvania; and Kirkwood, of Iowa.

Fanny Davenport, the actress, who was at one time very obese, has reduced her weight from 215 pounds to 168 by the system of Banting.

Mr. C. C. Roe, of Louisville, a nephew of the late E. P. Roe, has written a novel that is soon to be published by a New York firm. Mr. Roe is a wood engraver whose work is well known in the West.

Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court, who is soon to wed Miss Matthews, is a remarkably fine type of physical manhood, being 6 feet 2 inches tall, with a splendid physique. He is seventy-one years old and his future bride is almost thirty.

Rile's Compound Sarsaparilla.

Is purely vegetable. For eruptions, Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, etc. it will be found a perfect cure. It contains no mercury, opium or arsenic, while its effect is quicker and far more satisfactory than other remedies. It acts as a gentle laxative, and agrees to return the money. Extra large bottles (175 cents). Only taken morning and night. Dosed on fasting. RILEY'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA is a positively sure cure. Do not allow any one to mislead you otherwise. Sold by almost all druggists. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you can get it direct from the manufacturer, RILEY'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA, or direct from W. B. RILEY & SON, 155 6th Ave., near 23d St., New York.

Quoted at \$5 a copy.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD.

In my estimation 50 cents is too small for the first edition of THE EVENING WORLD ever published on green paper. I have one copy; it will sell for \$5 and consider it cheap for a copy of the greatest paper ever published in America. If you and any one to buy at my price, please write to me.

New York, March 24.

THE regular use of MURPHY'S TREATING CORN OINTMENT during the winter months. 25 cents.

Purify Your Blood.

When Spring approaches, it is very important that the blood should be purified, as at this season impurities which have been accumulating for months or even years are liable to manifest themselves and seriously affect the health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is undoubtedly the best blood purifier. It expels every taint, drives out scrofulous humors, and gives to the blood the quality and tone essential to good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by druggists. \$1.00 for 63. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A MATTER FOR WOMEN ONLY.

Something So Important That No Woman Should Skip This.

A lady correspondent writes us: "If mothers would have healthy and vigorous children let them first of all see to their own physical condition. I was at one time weak and nervous, exhausted alike in nerve and physical powers, always tired, and suffering untold misery from diseases peculiar to my sex. Healthy children were an absolute impossibility, but by the aid of a most wonderful remedy, which I believe the best medicine ever discovered for weak, nervous, sick and exhausted women, I have been completely restored to health and strength, and have the healthiest, plumpest and best of babies. This marvelous remedy and friend of women is Dr. Greene's Nervura, and if any wish to be strong and healthy and have beautiful and vigorous children they will not fail to use this wonder among medicines."



Women who suffer from female weakness, irregularities or other difficulties peculiar to their sex, and who are in consequence weak, tired, nervous and run down in health and strength, and who suffer from dragging pains and aches, weak back and bad feeling head, to say nothing of the extreme nervousness and mental depression, should by all means use Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great brain and nerve invigorant and restorer of health and strength to women. Our lady correspondent urges women to use it because of its marvelous curative effects in her case, and we can also heartily recommend it to the thousands of women who suffer from these painful and exhausting diseases, because it is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless remedy, and we have personally known of a great many cases it has cured. It is for sale at all druggists for \$1 per bottle.

The reputation and standing of Dr. Greene, who prepares this wonderful remedy, are sufficient guarantee of its great value as a medicine. The doctor can be consulted on all nervous and chronic diseases free at his office, 35 West 14th St., New York, personally or by letter.

COQUELIN'S FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT.

"Le Mariage de Figaro" is, perhaps, the very last French play that an American audience can understand and appreciate, and exactly what Coquelin presented it at the Star Theatre last night is not clear. Of course there are always people who the less they understand of a play the more they profess to enjoy it. The one or two points they can grasp stand out so conspicuously in the thousand points they can't grasp that they consider them beautiful. Dozens of people last night chuckled at little passages in "Le Mariage de Figaro" which in English they would have considered unworthy of a smile.

M. Beaumarchais's five-act comedy is a standard and can be advantageously studied. It is full of points and allusions that to a Frenchman are extremely effective, but that to an American are extremely flat and uninteresting. And there are many ardent Parisian theatre-goers whom you couldn't hire to sit through "Le Mariage de Figaro." Its utility as far as the stage is concerned is impaired. It is to be read rather than to be acted.

The play is episodic. Its object is to show up the intrigues in which women, according to French writers, love to figure. There are jests, and jests are innumerable, and some of them are by no means amusing.

Coquelin, however, as Figaro could have held his audience fascinated longer even than he did. The superb methods of this wonderful actor, with all their exquisite delicacy and depth, were as apparent as ever in this unpleasantly frivolous impersonation.

Mlle. Barty made a very charming Suzanne, and Mlle. Kerwin an interesting Cherubin. Mlle. Lemerrier as the Countess was wonderfully awkward for a member of a French company. Duquesne made an amusing Almaviva, and Jean Coquelin's harsh voice was not out of place as Figaro.

The stage setting was very inadequate. Mlle. Barty's ideas of chic must have been outraged at the two scenes of red hangings used in the second act. To-night "Le Juff Polonois" will be presented.

ALAN DALE.

Mounted Policeman Thrown.

Officer Barney Kersteger, of the mounted squad, while on his way to the Morrisania station-house at 610 this morning, fell from his horse at Westchester avenue and White Plains and was severely injured. He was taken to his home, 348 First avenue.

Funeral of Ex-Judge Runyon.

Ex-Judge E. W. Runyon, known as a prominent lawyer and a conspicuous orator, was buried from his home, 136 Park avenue to-day. He died at Plainfield, N. J., on Saturday in his sixtieth year. The funeral was thronged with friends of the Judge.

FORGER HAD TO COME BACK.

He Has Made a Full Confession of His Crime at Halifax.

Henry Hardie, the late confidential book-keeper of J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., of this city, who is now under arrest at Halifax, N. S., has made a complete confession of his forgery to a World representative.

He had been drinking March 4, and a blank check which he had and which should have been filled out for \$2,500, payable to other parties, he made out for \$1,900, payable to himself.

Hardie was to go before a judge at Halifax to-day and was expected to start for New York immediately afterwards.

First Hit at Sunday Music.

GEORGE KRAUSE A VICTIM TO THE NEW POLICE CONCERT WAR.

Supt. Murray and Mayor Grant have resolved that the so-called sacred Sunday concerts must cease, and henceforth in all establishments where exercise and concert or theatrical licenses are granted the proprietors are to be arrested unless they close their establishments from Saturday at midnight until Monday morning at 6 o'clock.

It appears from Judge Daniels' recent decision in regard to the French ball that it is illegal for a concert saloon which is also licensed as a liquor saloon to keep open and give Sunday concerts.

The decision of the police is that they must be closed literally from midnight of Saturday until 6 o'clock A. M. on Monday.

George J. Krause, the Republican worker of the Astor Place District, who is proprietor of one of the largest of the concert saloons, the Volks Garden, 231 and 233 Bowery, to-day felt the first victim to the crusade.

He thought he saw a way out of his difficulty and hurried to the Mayor's office to-day to file his license. His license is for both Nos. 231 and 233.

It was that if he could surrender the Mayor's license and get a new one for No. 231 alone, that he could keep open house with music and dance hall as usual next Sunday, for No. 231 would not need to be kept closed, as it is not licensed as a liquor saloon.

This proposition he made to Mayor Grant, the official toll him he had no power to grant a license of that character excepting to a place which had been previously provided with a permit from the Excise Board.

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR,

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47 & 49 West 14th St.

EXTENDING THROUGH TO 48 W. 15TH ST.

They carry the largest stock of parlor and library furniture of the kind in the city.

ALL FULLY GUARANTEED.

5,000 SUITS

OF CHAMBER AND DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Their stock cost spot cash. They fully understand their business. They will not allow themselves to be deceived by any responsible house in the United States.

The directors of the furniture of this time has been sent to the place of sale.

NOT MANUFACTURED BY US.

810 BROADWAY, 27 EXTENSION FLOOR.

515 CHAMBER ST., 2ND FLOOR.

We make a specialty of bedding and parlor folding beds, \$10 to \$200 each.

Stern Brothers. OPENING

OF
Trimmed
BONNETS AND HATS,
Wednesday and Thursday,
MARCH 27 AND 28.
32 to 36 West 23d Street.

TWAS ONLY JIM, THE TRAMP.

HE HAD DROPPED DEAD ON SIXTH AVENUE AT THE NOON HOUR.

He was only a tramp.

He dropped dead on Sixth avenue about the noon hour. People had seen him "moving on" through the bright sunlight only a moment before and now he was dead.

Tall and gaunt, with a face that had once been handsome, and a figure that had once been muscular, he lay on the sidewalk with a tiny rivulet of blood flowing from mouth and nose.

Traces of respectability were noticed about him. His tattered coat, vest and trousers were brushed carefully. There was no dirt beneath his finger-nails. His hands and feet were not those of a common man.

His black hair, streaked with gray, was carefully brushed. His shoes were broken but polished. His dark brown whiskers and mustaches were combed and parted in a pitiable attempt to retain as far as possible the old-time aspect of "a gent."

The policeman, who had ordered him from the corner about, sauntered down and pushed his way through the crowd that had gathered about the fallen man.

He stooped over him and felt his pulse and heart. Then he stood up, looking away an Excesso measure, and as he rose up, pulling his belt a little tighter, he said, in a voice that was really "a gent-man."

"He is dead."

The crowd grew larger, but made no noise. There, on a poplaine avenue, in the heart of a big city, in the broad light of noonday.

A stretcher was procured and the body was taken to the Morgue.

On the outskirts of the crowd that was once packed about the fallen man, another specimen of the tramp, only more so in appearance, and he was looking against a telegraph pole and crying.

"What is the matter?" asked the reporter.

"Nuthin' particular, nuthin', he answered, wiping one grimy sleeve across his eyes. "Ond day we was paid day tuck away there."

"You know him?"

"Off on non seven years. He was a penitentiary man and bled, and I guess I know more of him than any one in this town. That ain't said nuthin'."

"What was his name?"

"Just plain Jim. I never troubles him fer de name. He didn't like 'em."

"Well, what do you know of him?"

"Well, in old times, when Jim was drinking hard, and people like, he came out at rats 'n' information from which I made out he was a millionaire who left him on his brothers on sister's poorly well off. Jim was fond of women, and tramp, in ran off with a parson's wife cause he loved her, but she dies, 'n' then Jim travelled straight ter hell."

"He blew in his dist, 'n' never been here brought up to work he could not tackle it, and his friends disowned him for the parson's wife."

"Leastwise that's what he told me, and I never found him in a lie. We've been seven years."

"Jim's" body was still at the Morgue this morning, and Keeper Joe Fogarty said it would serve to reveal how large he was.

"There were no papers of any kind which would serve to reveal how large he was."

The police blotter and the Morgue books as "Jim the Tramp."

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